

Non-Residence *Inexcusable* 8/10
OR, THE
MONITOR ADMONISHED:

IN A
LETTER to Dr. *FREE*,

On the OCCASION of his

Elaborate Harangue,

Delivered to the

LONDON CLERGY,

At their ANNUAL FESTIVAL, held on the
15th of MAY last, at SION COLLEGE.

By the Reverend ABSALOM HURLEY, A. B. *h*
Late of *Baliol College, Oxford*, and now Curate of *Kentish Town, Middlesex*.

Beware of Non-Residents.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by J. FULLER, Bookseller, in
Blowbladder-Street, near Cheapside; as also, by most of the News-
Carriers in Town and Country.

M. DCC. LIX.

[Price Four-pence.]





T H E
MONITOR ADMONISHED, &c.

Reverend Sir,



HAVE lately perused your long, elaborate, and (if I may be indulged the Expression) your over-righteous HARANGUE, delivered to the LONDON CLERGY, assembled at *Sion-College* on *Tuesday* the 15th Day of *May* last, with the utmost Impartiality and Attention. I must readily acknowledge, that since the *Subject Matter* of it (as you yourself have very judiciously observed) is a Concern of such high Importance to all your Friends and Well-wishers to *Sion*, “ that unless it be regarded “ in due Time, it would effectually put an End to their “ Being (as *Clergy*) and the Place that knew them “ would know them no more;” I must readily acknowledge, I say, that an *Harangue*, so long, so *Ciceronian*,
and

and the Contents of it of such infinite Moment to the Clergy in general, as you would please to insinuate by your Delivery of it with such a Pathos, ought, doubtless, to have been taken into the serious Consideration of some of those too patient Gentlemen, whom you are pleased to stigmatize under the ignominious Character of *false Brethren*, long before this; and moreover, I am very sensible, that the Story is at this Time too stale, if it does not stink. The *Proverb*, however, says, “ Better late than never;” and as I found, that neither my truly pious, tho’ somewhat too peaceful and patient Friend, the reverend Mr. R——ne, nor my much valued and still more intimate Friend, Mr. Jo——s, thought proper to take up the Cudgels; I, who am but a *Shrub* to those *Cedars*, was determined at last, to enter the *Lists*, and send you my Sentiments of your seemingly zealous *Harangue*, without the least Prejudice or Prepossession.

And here I think it my Duty, in the first Place, like a judicious, impartial, and good-natured *Critic*, to take Notice of your *Beauties*, and reserve your *Foibles* to be transiently commented upon towards the Conclusion of my Remarks.

To begin then, without any further Preamble; I cannot, most venerable Doctor, sufficiently admire the truly heroic and sublime Manner, in which you were pleased to open your well-studied, tho’ in my humble Opinion, too rash and malignant Address.

The

The King of *Prussia* himself (God bless him) could scarcely have opened his Mouth more rhetorically or pathetically at the Head of a *Legion* of his intrepid Warriors, even at this present *critical Conjunction*, when he is threatened to be swallowed up alive by a *Pack* of savage *Barbarians*.---The Words in which you accost your Church-militant Friends are extremely pithy and expressive.---- “ *Fellow-Soldiers* (say you) as well as “ *Fellow-Christians*, hear what I have to offer at this “ critical Conjunction, when the *Church* of *England* “ stands in such imminent Danger; let my Words “ bespeak your most serious Attention, notwithstanding they may seem to sound an *Alarm* in these “ Quarters, where we were accustomed to enjoy “ the profoundest Peace, and eat our Meat with “ Gladness and Singleness of Heart.”

This warm Introduction, must, doubtless, Doctor, attract the Eyes, and tickle the Ears, at least, of all such of your Brother-gownsmen as had never heard *Mark Anthony's* celebrated *Address* to the Mob in *Julius Cæsar*, wrote by the inimitable *Shakespeare*, and delivered on a much more solemn Occasion than yours, and in Terms (if I may be so free as to say so) still more moving and pathetic.---His artful, insinuating Introduction runs thus.---“ Friends, *Romans*, “ Countrymen, lend me your Ears, &c. &c.” --- Now be so ingenuous as to acknowledge, that you had that fine Flourish in your wise *Noddle*, when you first thought of your pathetic Declamation. --- However,

B

whether

whether you had or had not, we will allow it to be an exceedingly good Imitation.---But to proceed,---

Furthermore, I highly approve of the wise View which your pious Founder had in the Establishment of your annual Festival, which, (as you tell us, and I firmly believe what you aver to be absolutely true) was “to give you all an Opportunity of conversing together freely upon the State of Religion; of enlarging your Acquaintance with each other, and of promoting brotherly Love and Charity among yourselves.” And what more extensive, what more honourable View could any Founder ever possibly have?

Thus far, Doctor, every Man of unaffected Piety and Sanctity of Manners will gladly go Hand in Hand with you.---But give us Leave to animadvert a little on that too sanguine Assertion of yours, (and what it still aggravates the Matter, without the least Shadow of Truth) which immediately follows.

Now, say you, (in the very next Paragraph) like a *Boanerges*, like the furious Dr. *Sacheverel* of immortal Memory, and one of your warm Predecessors, “Now, my dearly beloved, is the proper Season to put you in Mind of the present imminent Danger of the Church of *England*.”

By such a sudden, such an unexpected Exclamation, Doctor, any true Protestant would imagine, that the *Church* was in Danger of being swallowed up by the *Roman Catholics*; that *St. James's Palace* was in Danger of being inhabited by a Popish Tenant; and that

that the *Pretender* was to be instantaneously waisted down to *London Bridge* in one of the Grand Monarque's new-invented flat-bottomed Boats.

This, however, is not the mighty Matter of Importance that you thus roar and bellow about.---The Mountain was in Labour, it is true, but the hideous Monster that was expected to be her Offspring, proved nothing more at last than a little, ridiculous, puny Mouse.--- Now wherein, pray, good reverend Sir, Wherein did this mighty imminent Danger of the Church of *England* lie on the 15th Day of *May* last?---Why! in nothing more than this (when the Fact is fairly sifted) that a few innocent Churchmen (whom you are pleased in the Heat of your Zeal to stigmatize with the ignominious Characters of *false Brethren*, Enthusiasts, Methodists, and divers other opprobrious Names, collected from the Refuse of the Fish-women at *Billingsgate*) are more conscientious, more watchful Shepherds than yourself; who make it their principal Study how to feed, not only their Lambs, but their Sheep too, in Pursuance of that general Charge of our blessed Saviour himself to all his Apostles, recorded in the 21st Chapter of the Gospel according to St. *John*; who spare no Pains, either in Season, or out of Season, early or late, on Week-days as well as *Sundays*, in order to keep the Wolves from worrying their little harmless Flocks, and not like such luke-warm, non-resident, dronish Priests, as yourself, who sit lolling at their Ease, at a long Distance from the
Souls

Souls under their Cure, regardless whether they thrive or starve, or if they do visit their Parishioners, by way of Amusement, 'tis, at most, but three Times a Year.

These Enemies of the Church, as you so invidiously stile them, are not in the least intimidated by your Don *Quixot* Proposal of the immediate Meeting of a Convocation, as the surest and most expeditious Means of their happy Suppression.---They are never the more Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing, for your unmannerly Language, which they scorn to retort; they make no Havock of their Flock, as you would spitefully insinuate, neither do any of them with whom I am acquainted, attempt to make the silly Multitude run giddily from one Extream to another; and therefore should your romantic Proposal for the immediate Meeting of a Convocation take Place, they have no Room to doubt of finding Shelter and Protection from the Government, tho' so unjustly, so uncharitably the Objects of your mortal Scorn and Hatred: And notwithstanding your hot-headed Scheme for laying an Address before his Majesty, and therein humbly to beseech him, that he would be graciously pleased to permit the two Houses of Convocation to sit, and provide for the better Security of the Church of *England*, now (as you are pleased to assert it is) in great Danger from licentious Enthusiasts, under the Direction of certain malignant Preachers, distinguished by the Name of Methodists, they are no ways apprehensive

five

five of their being so much as censured, much less of being reviled and abused by that august Assembly, whenever they shall be authorized to preside over, and prescribe Laws for the Sons and Servants of the Church; but when that will be (under the Rose, Doctor) none but the Lord above knows.

As that *Proposition* of yours, however, to address his Majesty on so needless an Occasion, tho' you have laboured violently hard, it is true, to prove the absolute Necessity of it, in no less than two folio Pages, appears in the Eyes of all sober and considerate Persons, as nothing but a mere Maggot, and a Flight of Fancy; so your *Supposition*, towards the Close of your before florid Harangue, must be allowed to deviate from the rest, to sink beneath the Dignity of your Cloth, and to be expressed in such Terms, as a common Porter, if he had the least Spark of Modesty in him, would most undoubtedly blush at. And that such of the Public as have never seen, or read your two *Monitors* extraordinary may be Judges for themselves, I shall not only quote that particular Passage, but add thereto a true and impartial State of the Case that created it, and submit it freely to the Censure or Approbation of every cool and impartial Reader; by which, I no ways question but he will be convinced who is the *malignant* Preacher, and readily acknowledge that Dr. FREE, tho' an *Anti-Methodist*, is the very Man.

“ * *Suppose* (say you) the City Clergy were, one
 “ and all, to agree never to admit a *Methodist*, or *Va-*
 “ *grant Teacher*, to play the *Prize-fighter* in their
 “ Pulpit, at that favourite Diversion of the Mob, a
 “ Charity Sermon: Why then, no Church-warden,
 “ who had been seduced, nor Trustee of a School,
 “ of the Enthusiastic Turn, could pretend to take
 “ Offence at their Doctor, as they call him, for his
 “ particular Refusal; because his Objection would
 “ then be considered as the Act and Deed of the
 “ whole Body of the Clergy, by whom any Person
 “ offending against the established Rule must expect
 “ to be censured, and excluded the Society, as a
 “ time-serving, false, and unworthy Brother.”

Now the true and impartial State of the Case above-
 referred to was as follows; and to my certain Know-
 ledge, it was either actually published in one of the
 public Papers, or drawn up, at least, with the honest
 View of setting the Doctor's Picture in the fairest and
 most advantageous Light.

“ On the last *Sunday* in *April*, says the Author of
 “ that remarkable *Advertisement*, a very unchristian as
 “ well as unnatural Affair occurred in the Parish
 “ Church of *St. Mary Magdalene Bermondsey*, in the
 “ County of *Surry*.

“ The Master of the Charity School belonging to
 “ that Parish, or some of the Trustees to that Bene-

* See the last Page of the MONITOR, 201.

“faction, had prevailed on the reverend Mr. *Romaine*
 “to preach a *Sermon* for the *Benefit* of no less than
 “70 of their *Children* (who are not only educated,
 “but cloathed; and, as Occasion offers, put out Ap-
 “prentices at the Expence of the said Trustees) with
 “no other View than the laudable and pleasing Hopes,
 “through his sanguine Way of petitioning for the
 “Poor and Needy, to raise a larger Contribution
 “from the Public than could probably be procured
 “by a more languid, and less compassionate Preacher.

“And as the Favour was no sooner asked but
 “granted by that truly worthy and faithful Shepherd
 “of Christ’s Flock, public Notice thereof was given,
 “as customary in all such Cases in the *Daily Adver-*
 “*tiser*, and proper *Hymns* were printed for Morning
 “and Evening Service (to the Number of 1500)
 “in order to be distributed all over the Church, and
 “to be sung there by the Children, with the Prof-
 “pect of promoting the intended charitable Contri-
 “bution.

“Now, as no manner of Objection was made to
 “these open and public Proceedings, Who could ever
 “have suspected the least secret Confederacy or Com-
 “bination between those belonging to the Church,
 “who have more Authority (it seems) there than real
 “Merit, to frustrate so praise-worthy and so bene-
 “volent an Intention.

“But so it was, when the reverend Mr. *Romaine*
 “attended at the Time of divine Service, and a nu-
 “merous

" merous Flock of good Christian *Samaritans* were
 " assembled together, in order to countenance and
 " contribute towards that public Benefaction, not on-
 " ly the Audience, but the Trustees and the poor
 " Orphans found themselves most shamefully disap-
 " pointed in the Prosecution of their pious Under-
 " taking ; for the Pulpit-door was locked up, and no
 " Admission was to be procured for Mr. *Romaine* on
 " any Terms from the officious Church-warden, un-
 " der Pretence that his Master, who had the sole and
 " undoubted Right to the Pulpit, would not only be
 " highly exasperated, but would inevitably complain
 " of him to the Bishop of the Diocese, and very ri-
 " gorously punish him accordingly for his Neglect of
 " Duty, in Case he should presume to introduce any
 " Priest whomsoever (without his Approbation and
 " Consent first had and procured) into his Ecclesiastical Dominions.

" In order, therefore, to obviate that frivolous Ex-
 " cuse, the Trustees offered no less than 200*l.* Secu-
 " rity for his Indemnification. All Arguments, or
 " Persuasions, however, proved vain and fruitless :
 " None but his Master, or Dr. FREE, who is Lec-
 " turer there, should preach that Day ; and thither
 " the Doctor was conducted accordingly ; for the
 " Rector (it seems) was out of Town, and knew no-
 " thing of the Dispute in Question.---The old *Anti-*
 " *Methodist* attempted, indeed, to harangue the
 " crouded Audience on that solemn Occasion ; but
 when

“ when the Populace became Eye-witnesses of the
 “ shameful Imposition, of the Appearance of a Wolf,
 “ tho’ in Sheep’s Cloathing, they immediately grew
 “ outrageous, hiss’d the mock *Sacheverel*; and, in
 “ short, such a Scene of Riot and Confusion instantane-
 “ ously ensued, as Eye had not seen, nor Ear heard,
 “ neither had it ever entered the Heart of Man to
 “ conceive.”

Having now nothing farther to add in regard to
 this our high-flying Orator, and that particular Specimen
 of his Skill in the Art of Rhetoric, as it stands
 recorded in the 100th and 101st Monitor, I shall
 now come more closely to my Text, and endeavour to
 demonstrate, that he is no better than an unsound Pillar
 of the Church at best; that he is only Sir *John*
Leman’s Lecturer at St. *Mary Hill*; and (if I am
 rightly informed) Vicar of *Coker*, and a Non-resident,
 where he ought for Shame to give his Attendance;
 and, in a Word, that a Non-resident (without a very
 substantial Plea indeed) is absolutely inexcusable, and
 not to be *dispensed* with.

And here I must take the Liberty, Doctor, to propose
 to you a fair Question or two. In the first Place,
 Does not the Oath that every Vicar is obliged to take
 at the Time of his Institution, run in Words to this, or
 orthelike Effect?---I, *A. B.* do swear, that I will be resi-
 dent on my Vicarage of *** unless otherwise *dispensed*
 with by my Diocefan. So help me God.---And did not
 you take that Oath, when you was instituted Vicar of
East-Coker, in the County of *Somerset*, and Diocefe of

Bath and Wells? --- Is not that Place above 130 Miles distant from *London*? And were you ever there above three Times a Year since the Day of your Institution? Had you ever any *legal Dispensation* from your proper Diocesan? If you know in your Conscience you have none, what Pretence can you possibly frame for making the Suburbs of *London* your perpetual Place of Habitation? --- All that I shall observe farther on this Head is this; that in Case a Qualm should casually come across your Stomach, and that the above Queries should prove a little too hard of Digestion, I would have you weigh well the two following Lines of a late celebrated Poetess, and apply them to your Heart; namely,

“Whatever idle Tales the Priests may tell;

“’Tis conscious Guilt’s the *Emphasis* of Hell.”

But lest the wholesome and friendly Advice of a poor Country Curate may possibly have very little Influence over you, and you may turn a deaf Ear (Adder like) to a *Monitor*, whom, in the Pride of your Heart, you may look down upon with an Eye of Scorn and Contempt, I shall close this short Epistle with some prevailing Admonitions of the Lord, in regard to proper Residence; I don’t mean the Lord Jesus CHRIST, but the *Bishop* of LONDON, to whom, I presume, you pay some Deference, Veneration and Respect, as the Head of your Church; not that of *Coker*, but that of *St. Mary at-Hill*.

Hear

Hear then, good *Doctor*, what the *Lord* saith unto the *Churches*.

You Vicars, says he, “ are no less Persons than
“ the Ambassadors of Christ to exhort and pray the
“ People in his Stead to be reconciled to God : you
“ are Overseers of your respective Flocks, and bound
“ to feed those whom he hath purchased with his
“ own Blood. You are Ministers and Stewards of the
“ Mystery of God, and it is required of you to be
“ found faithful. You are *Watchmen*, in a Word,
“ for the Souls of those committed to your Care.”

Having thus reminded you of your high Post, and the Importance of your spiritual Employment, the pious old Gentleman, notwithstanding you seem to sneer at him in your first Monitor, on Account of his Age and Inability at his Years, to fight the good Fight of Faith ; notwithstanding your Sneers, I say, he addresses you (like a fond and indulgent Parent) in the following truly cordial and most affectionate Terms.

“ Tell me now which of the Duties incumbent on
“ you can possibly be discharged by you in that conscientious Manner as it ought, if you absent yourself from your Cure ? Can you deliver the Message of Christ, as his *Ambassador* to Persons to whom you have no Access ? Can you *over-see* the Flock, or feed the Church, which you have (dishonourably, nay most shamefully) forsaken ? Can you *dispense* the *Mysteries* of God, to those whom you neither see nor speak to ? Or can you *watch* for their Souls, to whose Persons, as well as to their spiritual Wants you are a perfect Stranger ?

Thus

Thus far the good Bishop; but in my humble Opinion, his Lordship should have added one Interrogatory more, and that is, How can you Vicars have the Assurance, to imagine, that I can strain my own Conscience so far as to *dispense* with your Neglect, on every trivial Occasion?

The good old Gentleman, however, in order to shew you Vicars the downright Absurdity of Non-residence at your respective Cures, proceeds in the following candid Manner.

“ Were you to agree with a Pilot of a Ship, says he, to conduct a Ship to the *East-Indies*, it would be almost absurd to add, as a particular Covenant, that he should reside in the Ship during the Voyage; since, without it, he could not possibly fulfil the essential Part of the Contract of conducting the Ship to Port. --- The Case is the very same in your Office:---When you accept of a Cure, you are as much bound to reside among the People, committed to your Care, as the Pilot is to abide in the Ship which he has undertaken to manage and conduct safe into Harbour.”

Now, Doctor, if, with all your Quibbles and rhetorical Flourishes, you can fairly knock down the above quoted Argument, which appears to me unanswerable, and make it appear that Non-residence is *excusable*, tho’ not duly and legally *dispensed* with, then I’ll freely own you Master of the Field, and be *your Herald* myself to proclaim you blameless.

F I N I S.